

(Well.)

They (not clear)

(Uh-huh)

They'd buy wagon loads of stuff from us. Pearl Hardin lived back in there. He was one of them. They come up in front of the store one evening, after he unloaded his cotton. He'd buy a good deal of groceries and stuff. Most everytime he come in, one of his boys come and wanted a rocking chair. Well, I, he said, "I want to get a rocking chair. And I'll pay you when I sell my next load of cotton." I put the rocking chair in the wagon, you know. And then I covered it. "Well," he said, "I'll see you next fall. I sold my last load today." (Laughter) He was just joking. And they would kill deer and stuff like that. He was in the store.

Lady: Borrowed your raincoat. It rained.

It was raining awful hard. Folks sitting in (not clear) had no raincoat. I said, "Price, take my raincoat home with you, wrap up it's cold. So he took it.

Lady: It was cold.

So he did. And the next day he sent it home, by his son, step-son. You know, I don't know his step-son's name now. Do you?

Lady: No, I can't think of it. That was a long time ago.

Anyway he rode up here on his horse, big old gray horse. Long-legged horse. And he got down. Started untying my raincoat. Had it on the back of saddle, had it tied down. He said, "Now Wattie, don't unwrap that down here. Take it upstairs before you unwrap it." So I took it upstairs to unwrap it, and a deer lay in there.

(Well)